

Baseball Season Opens

Spring! What a train of thoughts that single word brings to mind. For the farmer it means work in the fields, while for the man in the city it means golf and the like, and for the grade school boy it may mean marble playing and perhaps roller skating. For the wide awake American school boy, however, it means primarily BASEBALL!

The students of St. Joe are no exception. With the first few days of spring weather the campus was literally swarming with Babe Ruths, Dazzy Vances, Eddie Roushes and many other stellar players with whom everyone is familiar. In view of this fact it appears as if St. Joe is to have a most successful season at baseball. Class teams have been organized and captains and managers selected. Harry Estadt has been chosen to pilot the Seniors; William Neidert, the Fiftths; Casper Heiman, the Fourths; Henry Alig, the Thirds; and Spalding Miles, the Firsts and Seconds, who are to be combined. As yet no General Manager has been appointed and consequently no schedule has been made out. Judging from the abundance of material and the spirit shown, we predict that this season will be a very enjoyable and successful one.

"The Midshipman"

Sunday evening, after a very delightful fifteen minute vaudeville act by Paul Walters, a movie, "The Midshipman," was shown in the College auditorium. Since the movie dealt with student life at Annapolis, the United States Naval Academy, it was of special interest to the students of St. Joe. The Midshipman was given under the auspices of THE CHEER and for its financial benefit. The students certainly must be thanked for their splendid co-operation which was shown by an almost perfect attendance.

Mr. Walters' delightful act was a surprise to many and a source of continual laughter to all. Through it he demonstrated real histrionic

Peaceful Valley Next Tuesday

On the evening of the twentieth of April, the Columbian Literary Society will present Mr. Edward E. Kidder's famous three-act play, "Peaceful Valley." The students may look forward to this program as one of the most pleasing entertainments of the year. Every indication points to a splendid and delightful performance. The play has been successful wherever it was given, and the cast has been hard at work, practicing several nights a week in order to give the audience the best entertainment possible. It remains with the students to lend that support, which the players certainly deserve, and with a little co-operation they can rest assured that they will be well pleased with the play. To give a synopsis of "Peaceful Valley" would be telling too much, so the agony of suspense must be endured until that eventful evening shall come.

Newmans Present Delightful Program

Sunday evening, March 28, the Newman Club presented their second program of the scholastic year. The program was originally scheduled for St. Patrick's Eve, but was postponed on account of sickness on the part of the characters.

Charles Jessico introduced the Club's president, Casper Heiman, who delivered a very well written inaugural address, entitled, "Enthusiasm," in a very laudable manner. This was followed by a dialogue presented by Cornelius Heringhaus and William Neuhaus, both of whom showed genuine dramatic ability. After a short interval, during which the band favored the audience with a pretty selection, a one-act farce, "The Poets' Club," held the attention of all present. A very delightful trombone oddity was then rendered by the band. The final number of the program,

(Continued on Page Ten)

ability and he deserves to be congratulated by all.

"The Alumni Are Coming Home"

Tuesday and Wednesday, May fourth and fifth, have been set aside as the Annual Alumni Homecoming Days of 1926, and arrangements to accomodate a large number have been made. On the evening of the fourth, the old grads will be entertained by a three-act royalty play presented by the C. L. S. A Solemn High Mass will be celebrated on Wednesday morning and later in the day the Annual Banquet and Business Meeting will be held. While the Banquet and Meeting will be the outstanding features of the occasion, a plenty of other entertainment remains. There will be old acquaintances to renew, old friends to meet, old times to be lived over once more. Indeed, these are days of great joy; they come but once a year. Let us get ready to show the Alumni a rousing good time and a hearty welcome to their Alma Mater.

Seniors, for us this will be the last opportunity to act as hosts. Hereafter we shall have to depend on others to plan OUR return. So let's set the pace for future years by making the most of this last chance to show our old friends, classmates, chums and pals of former times what a welcome to St. Joe really means. Every student, moreover, should take an interest in preparing for these two days, so that on the first Tuesday of May he can sincerely say, "WELCOME ALUMNI."

Get Busy

The Alumni Essay Contest closes May 10th. But three weeks remain to turn in your essays. Get busy and give the judges something to do.

The contest is open to all the students of St. Joe. So come on essayists! A gold medal awaits the writer of the best essay. Remember, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

When Russell shaves his manly beard
And Butch his eider down
(Whoop! The razor slipped).

THE SPIRIT OF RILEY'S POETRY

James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, 1853. After a desultory elementary education, he began his public career as a newspaper contributor. Later he joined a traveling show. By taking minor parts in the show itself, and by reciting his poems between acts, he managed to eke out a livelihood. Persistent work, however, brought success, so that his later life was comfortable. Although success changed Riley's mode of living, he was always a common man at heart. In the present day there are many people who regard Mr. Riley, not as a poet of standing, but rather as a poet of a secondary class. This conclusion they draw from the topics with which Mr. Riley deals, namely, those treating of rural life. Such an idea readily proves to be false, if we study the general spirit of the poetry of today as compared with that of Mr. Riley.

We find that the greatest part of present-day poetry has grown artificial, anemic, and cheap, and life, on the other hand, has grown vulgar and poor through its being separated from poetry and art. But why is such the condition of today? Art and poetry are not for the rich only. This is evident because in some form or other, poetry has been produced by everybody. The fact is that the soul of art can never return to the hand of the artist, nor the magic taste be restored to his mind until he is liberated from the bondage of commercial slavery. It is this commercial slavery of the present day that makes the work of the artist and likewise of the poet of such slight value. Why does not the present day world produce some great artist or poet as the ages gone by have done? Certainly talent is not lacking. The reason is, that the present day world is a rushing world and it is such because time means money. This, however, is not condemning all present-day poetry. Poetry in some form will be restored to men's respect and affection. Not poetry like the puny rimes of current periodical literature, which are produced so readily and are justly held in little esteem; but poetry of character that shall be an adequate, rational, and helpful comment on life, sufficient, sincere, spontaneous, intelligent, and universally admired and revered.

In this day when poetry has come to be so artificial and so far from any real attachment to living issues, Mr. Riley's poetry stands out pre-eminently by reason of its naturalness, exuberance, vitality, and sincerity. It is native to the soil, it is born of a common life and keeps close to the common sentiment of all American men and women. It is welcome because all can understand it. At the same time it is not commonplace and uninspired; but spirited, fascinating, thrilling and ecstatic.

Mr. Riley is similar in many respects to other great poets, both American and English. His rational reflection of life appeals to an audience much the same as do the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow. He treats of things in men's minds and things intelligible.

He has not let his mind wander into the marvels of ineffectual dreaming. Many really sincere poets fail; first, because they allow themselves to wander into a dream or trance; second, because they pay too much heed to what the world wants and thereby lose dignity and influence. Mr. Riley, on the other hand, as most will admit, is one of those happy personalities that has followed the fine authentic promptings of his own genius. He has held to human emotions and has thus saved the noble qualities of poetry. His poetry is free from futile affections and he never does violence to common sense. His shrewd humor makes his poetry enjoyable. He is an admirable poet on account of his humanity and one of the most lovable, because of his everlasting spring of youthful poetic fancy, which has never been quenched in worldliness and musing.

Paul Knapke, '29.

Piggie: Some funny things happened last year.

Hickey: Yep, some people died that never died before.

Piggie: Why, some morning I'm afraid I'll wake up and find myself dead.

Dear Dad:—

I sure am dumb in Latin,
But I'm twice as dumb in Greek;
And I sure do hate to tell you
That I flunked in Math last week.

Pat:—"How do you like riding in a patrol?"

Mike:—"Oh, it'll do in a pinch."

FAMOUS BILLS.

Dollar
..... of Lading.
Bird's
..... the First.
Candy
..... the Editor.

A new song: "When the cow-slips
you'll see the butter-fly."

Exchanges

"The Bay Leaf," published at Marywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania, is an excellent literary magazine issued quarterly. The stories, though brief, are crisp and vivacious. Much painstaking research work must have been required in the preparation of the various interesting essays on the drama, poetry, and other topics in the department entitled "Studies." A feature which should be of great interest to students and alumnae is "The Chronicle."

"Gee, Father, hadn't I oughter got more'n that?" said the student who wasn't satisfied with 70 in English.
—The Antonian.

A welcome addition to the list of exchanges is the "Look-a-Head" of St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio. This publication presents a very neat and pleasing appearance. The March edition is concerned mainly with St. Paul's championship basketball team.

He—"You are the sole aim of my life."

She—"Well, you won't make a hit unless you get closer to the target."
—The Pacific Star.

St. Anthony's Seminary located at Santa Barbara, California, is now in a period of reconstruction. A new Chapel and other new buildings are being erected. The earthquake, which occurred last year in California, destroyed some of the seminary buildings.

Mother—"Why, Robert, you've been fighting again with that nice little Kelly boy. He has such a nice face, too."

Robert—"Well, he ain't now."

—The Wag.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: "The H. C. C. Journal, Pacific Star, Notre Dame News, Verse, De Paulia, The Antonian, The Wag, The Bay Leaf, The Vista, Look-a-Head, and The Wendelette."

Our Correspondence School—Cells

Perhaps there are some of our readers who are fortunate enough not to have read any of the preceding courses included in the curriculum of this school. For their benefit we wish to state that we know nothing about the subjects treated under this heading and we shall not claim the authorship of the same. Any errors found in this column will not be corrected, due to our disdain of learning and our profound love of ignorance.

In this issue we shall instruct humanity in general on the subject of cells. Cells are of many kinds, including prison, wet, dry, blood and brain cells.

A prison cell is a hollow pile of stones with the openings obstructed by iron bars. These cells are used to protect criminals from law abiding citizens and vice versa. This is done by incarcerating the criminals. Due to the shortage of the number of prison cells a movement is under way to lock up all good citizens and free the criminals. Thus we would avoid the building of more prison cells and would have quite a surplus on hand to use in case of extensive reformation.

A wet cell is an instrument used to produce electricity. We must always distinguish between a wet cell and a wet cellar. The latter is far more important than the former and forms an appendage to every modern home. Wet cells are found in small quantities, but since prohibition we substitute dry cells for wet ones.

Dry cells are very important, especially since the discovery of radio and the flash light. In connection with radios, dry cells are used to light the tubes, and consequently to throw a little light on the subject. Dry cells "nipped in the bud," or in other words, dry cells not full grown, are used as the intestines of flash lights. Since the advent of prohibition dry cellars are practically obsolete, or at any rate, they are obsolescent. Consequently there is little danger of confusing them with dry cells.

Our bodies are full of blood cells which act as delivery boys. Each blood cell takes its share of the food and of all other things we eat, and delivers it to the proper customer. Since these cells function without our special guidance we will not dis-

turb them by telling any more untruths about them.

In all celldom brain cells are the most seldom. During my long and varied life, I have never had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with any member of this species of cells. These cells are so very rare that the shortness of our course forbids us to treat of them more thoroughly.

—W. F., '27.

Push! Brother, Push!

Four merry cowboys brave and bold
From Collegeville did stray,
And up to Rensselaer they went
On last St. Patrick's Day.

While there they spent the day with
joy

And whiled away the time,
Till they recalled they must be back
At five and not at nine.

So straightway they all looked for
help;

Kind Fate sent them a Ford,
They hailed the driver with delight,
And all did hop aboard.

The little roadster went quite well,
It skipped, it jumped, it hopped,
Until it hit the J. H. road
And there the darned thing stopped.

Now Joe and Son and Bob and Gib,
So were the cowboys "clipped,"
Beneath the hood did stick their
heads
To see which part had slipped.

But here no trouble could they find
All things quite well did seem.
But when they looked within the tank
They found no gasoline.

"Alas! What shall we do?" they
cried.

No station could they see,
Then, "Back 'er up," cried little Son,
"There's one behind that tree!"

The station was a block away,
The Ford, it could not fly.
So at its back the cowboys did
Their manly strength apply.

And so they pushed the little Ford,
Although it hurt their pride
To think that they should have to
work

When they came out to ride.

—P. A. Walters, '28.

Big Homecoming Days, May 4-5.

Childhood Days

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is the remembrance of past joys."

As I turn back the leaves in the book of my past life I come across a chapter treating of my childhood days. Tears gather in my eyes as I recall those happy days, which will never come again. Sadly I read over the happy events that once occurred during my young life. Again I envy the child which still follows its mother's guiding hand.

A line attracts my eye. It says: "Childhood joys fleeting as the mists." How true, not only for me, but for us all! Those days passed like the wind. Most of our joys occurred during that period. Then we could go to mother with our complaints and there pour out our innocent little hearts to her; but now we must grit our teeth and bear everything ourselves. O, for the happiness of childhood! Father and mother were then our sole guardians, and we knew only those who loved us. Now we know everyone. No one is a stranger to us.

This world is one solid mass of temptations. In our younger days, no temptations haunted us. How could they? Then, everything was peace and happiness. Never did we think of wrong; only that which was right, love for father and mother, held our thoughts.

As we grew older, our hearts and minds were turned towards other things. Temptations assailed us on all sides, for Satan knew that we no longer had our childlike hearts. Do we still love that father and mother, who then were our only guides, our only solace, our only beacon on life's troubled sea? Do we follow the lessons taught us at mother's knee? Sad to say, some must answer negatively.

Today a vast field of troubles and sorrows confront us. Where are those past joys of childhood? Why must we live in this world of desolation? Nothing but trials and hardships everywhere; we must shift for ourselves.

As I close the book, I wipe away the tears that stand in my eyes, and a bright smile illuminates my face. Why do I think so much of those joys that will never return? This I leave unanswered. Yet it is sweet to recall them, while in dim twilight hours I am dreaming.

M. G., '28.

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LUXURY.

If necessity is the mother of invention, luxury is the father of the same offspring. Looking back fifty years or so, we see our fathers living in a home which would now be regarded as a mere curiosity. A kerosene lamp was then a luxury and sugar also fell under the same class of household articles. When going courting, a young man would visit his Lady Fair at her home and spend a quiet evening. What was there to do? Radios and phonographs were things undreamed of at that remote time. Roads were rotten, and if they had been good what means of conveyance could they have used? Granted that roads were good and granted that people had cars that would go 80, where would they have gone?

Today it is all changed. Electric lights are considered a necessity by many, and a modern housewife would be lost without sugar.

At one time nearly every invention was considered a luxury. Things unknown and undreamed of fifty years ago are today losing the name of luxuries and are being rechristened necessities.

If tomorrow all the improvements of the last half century were lost, as were the secrets of mummifying and the formula for Damascene steel, what would become of us?

—W. F., '27.

SPORTS—A NECESSITY.

Many students seem to think that sports have been invented to serve merely as a pleasant way of wasting time, and for this reason they do not enter the games whole-heartedly. But why then, has every university, every college, every high school, and every institution of learning a well-equipped gymnasium? Is it merely an ornament? By no means; it is solely because these institutions realize that without exercise for the body, the mind will not long function properly. The well-known adage runs, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Sports benefit both mind and body besides helping in the formation of character. Studying day in and day out without proper physical relaxation cannot long continue before something must break—either mind or body. Sports give this needed relaxation to the mind and keep the body healthy. Furthermore, the development of true character is one of the cardinal functions of sports. Everyone enjoys watching a "clean and game" player, and everyone admires the cheerful loser. Just in these points is where character is needed and developed. Also, the rather strict rules governing most games afford another occasion of showing what metal you possess. Since, then, sports are so necessary and beneficial, everyone should take an active and hearty interest in whatever games may come his way. Play as though you are determined to win or die; if, however, you should lose, don't die! Lose cheerfully! Then, in addition to personal profit and pleasure, such an attitude will enliven games and will give the on-lookers their due amount of enjoyment.

—A. Z. '27.

DISCIPLINE.

"Order is Heaven's first law," says the wise man. We may answer that the wise man knows his "stuff," at least when he is talking about heaven. But we shall learn that he knows a good deal about us. Yes, 'tis too well verified that we "make-believe-free" Americans, and particularly, we American students regard the term "discipline" as savoring of tyranny. We demand freedom: to do as we please, to give open expression to our whims and fancies, to plod our weary way unmolested. But youth is sadly thoughtless! It little realizes that "pseudo-freedom"

leads, not to liberty, but to enlightened slavery. RESTRAINT, as acknowledged by all great minds, is the keynote to all genuine liberty. After all, are we, the inmates of St. Joseph's, really so thoughtless? I think that our superiors will vouch that we are not. We, of course, frankly confess that we have much room for improvement; for instance, in the refectory, where at times the talking becomes so noisy that it seems the very ceiling must fall. Again in the corridors, when we are "on the march," we should muffle our shoes and tongues for the sake of the "bonum commune." There are many other occasions that welcome improvement, but why enumerate them here. We all have the best of intentions. In spite of our better selves, however, we are weak, and it is for this reason that we need rules of discipline together with guardians, called prefects, to keep tab on our infractions of discipline. No one of us will ever act like the boy who says: "If our superiors would only say PLEASE, I should gladly comply; when they say you MUST, I'll comply reluctantly, if at all." By no means; such action is not becoming a gentleman. We shall do well to have as our motto whenever we are commanded to do this or that, "I WILL"; such determination will show your true metal, and you'll be all the happier for it.

—W. N., '27.

According to Fred Westendorf, noted poultryman, hens lay eggs only in the daytime because they are roosters at night.

Detective James Hoffman reports that in case of accident absence of body is better than presence of mind.

A newspaper is very much like the health of a man. Very much depends on the circulation.

Does an elephant, when traveling, have its trunk checked?

"I'm going to prune the apple trees."

"But, Frank, you know I don't care for prunes."

"The moon makes one sentimental," he ventured.

"It usually makes two," she encouraged.

My bonny leaned over the gas tank, The height of its contents to see; She lit a match to aid her. Oh, bring back my bonny to me.

Loco and Local

Chapter 3.

About a week after his arrival at the asylum, Jim's attention was attracted by the sound of two voices. The owners of the two voices were coming down the corridor, which passed in front of the cell in which Jim and Napoleon were confined. Many times had visitors passed along this corridor since Jim's arrival, but this time Jim recognized one of these voices as belonging to Hank.

"Yes, we certainly appreciate your work in bringing back the only missing inmate." Jim recognized the voice of his keeper.

"But what did you say about the convict whose identity is uncertain?"

"We're coming to his cell now."

"Oh, Hank," shouted Jim, "you've come at last." Hank made no response. Jim's heart sank as he perceived that his old friend refused to recognize him.

"He's been like that ever since he came. Tried to tell us that he had some pal, who would be sure to come after him soon."

"That's queer, perhaps he has just lost his mind lately."

"Perhaps! When our men first saw him in company with his cell-mate, he acted very suspicious, but since he has been here we have tried to find out who he is, but all he says is, that it's a good joke and that in a short time his friend will free him."

"A hopeless case, eh? Let's move on."

As the two proceeded a few steps they heard a groan in the cell, they had just left. Immediately they turned around. Jim was truly playing the part of a lunatic to perfection. Hank greeted his pal while the keeper freed him. Hank then told Jim how he had planned the little act just to teach him to act sane in the presence of strangers. He also told Jim how, for one whole week, he had waited for him to return, and how, after searching the entire neighborhood, he had set out for Chicago with his quiet philosophical charge, who, he was forced to admit, resembled Jim somewhat in appearance; hence the mistake of the asylum officials.

* * * *

A few years ago an old man living near Collegeville related the foregoing story to a group of students on a free day. As he finished the story, he instructed them not to tell it to

anyone until his death. "For," he added, with a tear in his eye and a slight smile on his face, "I was the original Jim."

Last fall, when hiking, the writer decided to revisit the old recluse and hear from him another thrilling adventure. As he neared the cabin he missed the bark of the dog, which had announced his approach several years before. Upon knocking at the door the empty hollowness of the interior re-echoed his knock. With sad steps he then wended his weary way back to St. Joe and he has deemed this time appropriate to reveal the quaint story of the still quainter old man.

—W. F., '27.

Small Beginnings

One small flake and then another,

And the deepest snow is laid;

One small drop and then another,

And the mighty ocean's made.

One tiny thread and then another,

And the largest web is spun;

One small effort, then another,

And the highest prize is won.

One small penny, then another,

And the vastest wealth is earned;

One small line and then another,

And the deepest wisdom's learned.

One Greek phrase and then another,

And the dearest tongue's mastered;

One small step and then another,

And the summit is attained;

One small goodness, then another,

And the noblest virtue's gained.

One small branch and then another,

And the tallest tree is grown;

One small favor, then another,

And the tenderest love is sown;

One small wave and then another,

And the loudest billows roar,

One small cross and then another,

And the bitterest grief is o'er.

One small something, then another,

And the tale of life is told—

Don't forget that "ALL FOR JESUS"

Changes small things into gold!

—W. N., '27.

FOURTH YEAR JOTTINGS.

Baseball is here, fellows, so let's get behind our snappy manager, Red Heiman, and put a good team in the field. Some hard work and co-operation will turn the trick; so let's go.

Sparky: "Our English Prof. said that "Death Fell in Showers."

Gibbons: "No wonder you never take any."

Prefect: "Izzy, Izzy, wake up."

Izzy: "I can't."

Our Rogues' Gallery

Brother Victor has, in his long and faithful service of carrying on communication between the populace of St. Joe and the outside world, transported many objects of comparatively high value. We believe, however, that Brother established a new record a few weeks ago when he delivered at the local post office a box which was approximately five feet long, two feet wide, and one foot deep.

No, our museum is too small at present to warrant the importation of Egyptian mummies; neither have we any intentions of violating the 18th Amendment. As a matter of fact, in order to forestall any unnecessary speculation, the box contained some six gross of portraits of the graduates.

Everybody without exception was pleased with the work. Many favorable comments were also received from the members of the faculty and from other sources. While we do not wish to cast any reflections on the work produced by other photographers of previous years, still, having compared the results, we feel that we have obtained excellent service, and we do not hesitate to recommend the firm of Howard & La Salle of Indianapolis, Indiana, to future classes.

Gabriel Brenkus, who was removed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Lafayette, for treatment during our recent epidemic of the grippe, is with us again and is literally brimming over with his old time pep.

—D. M., '26.

Prefect: "Why can't you?"

Izzy: "I'm not asleep."

Prof. (in English class): "Bill Meyer, what do you think of Fielding?"

Bill (coming out of a trance): "Why I think batting is far more important."

Weiker: "I think I ought to have a part in the masque. I have been in a play before."

Larry: "What did you do, have your arm in a cast?"

She, (after June 10): Bob, dear, you are so tender after returning from college."

Bob: "I ought to be, I was in hot water all last semester."

—C. H., '27.

ATHLETICS

"DAN" BOONE

"SAL" FOLTZ

MIDGET LEAGUE.
Second Round.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Pirates	5	1	833
Cubs	4	2	667
L. Pushers	2	4	333
Rinkydinks	1	5	167

PIRATES 17—DINKS 6

With the score at the half standing 7 to 6 in their favor, Kienly led his Pirates to a 17 to 8 victory over the Rinkydinks. Kienly scored 11 of his team's points while with 4 points Christie led the losers.

CUBS 11—LEATHER PUSHERS 7

The young Bears added another victory to their string by nosing out the Leather Pushers. Maloney had a good day, making 7 points.

PIRATES 16—LEATHER PUSHERS 4.

Those pennant chasing Pirates handed a severe beating to the Leather Pushers. Heil, the leading scorer in the "Katzenjammer League," dribbled his way to four more baskets while Kienly and Martin added the other eight points.

DINKS 15—CUBS 11.

Staging a terrific comeback in the second half, the Rinkydinks broke into the winning column for the first and only time this season. With his team trailing, 9 to 3, at the half, Mike Geffert scored four neat ringers thereby putting the Dinks in front where they stayed till the end of the game. Sam Homsey played a whale of a game at guard besides chalking up five points as his share of the scoring. The game was a rough and tumble affair, 17 personal fouls having been called.

THE TITLE GAME.

The Pirates and Cubs, each one out for victory at any cost, hooked up in what proved to be the deciding game of the season. The first half was an even battle with the score standing 4 to 4. At the start of the second half Heil broke the tie by sinking a long shot. He followed with another basket and a free throw, thereby putting the Pirates five points to the good. To put the game on ice Kienly dropped

in a pretty basket from the side line. For the Cubs, Maloney looped a basket and Duray netted two free throws in the second half. The Cubs lost many points through their inability to make good from the foul line, for they missed eight out of ten foul tries.

LEATHER PUSHERS 12—DINKS 10.

The Rinkydinks were rudely cheated out of a victory by Horse Hunt's Leather Pushers. After they had trailed 8 to 5 in the first half the Pushers turned the tables and chalked up seven markers while the Dinks could gather only one field goal.

CUBS 19—LEATHER PUSHERS 15.

Despite a determined fight the Leather Pushers were forced to bow to the second place Cubs, 19 to 15. The Cubs led 13 to 5 at the half. The Pushers came back and threw a scare into the leaders but lacked the punch to carry through to victory.

JUNIOR PENNANT GOES TO SHAMROCKS.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Shamrocks	6	1	857
Comets	6	2	750
Royals	5	2	667
Shooting Stars	2	3	400
Eagles	1	4	200
Hot Sox	1	4	200

Two post-season games were necessary to decide who should receive the Junior crown. The Shamrocks, Comets, and Royals were locked in a triple tie for first place, each team having five victories and a single defeat. In the first game the Comets, by defeating the Royals, 15 to 8, earned the right to meet the Shamrocks. The winners changed their lineup somewhat; Captain Henrich played guard and this change may have rattled the Royals.

The Shamrocks and Comets hooked up in the decisive game the very next day, and it was one grand battle. When the final whistle blew the Irish were champs by three points, 20 to 17. Playing on consecutive days weakened the Comets, though it must be admitted that they put up an excellent fight. Charek

was the big gun for the winners, scoring 11 of his team's 20 points.

Of all the well played games in the Junior circuit the one between the Shooting Stars and Hot Sox was the most exciting. The final score was 22 to 20, but only in the last few minutes of play did the Stars stage a rally and forge ahead. These two evenly matched teams delighted the rooters with their thrilling battle.

The Royals set the Comets down, 16 to 13, in one of the biggest upsets of the league. While Kohley chalked up four field goals, his teammate, Walz, the Royals' floor guard, held Henrich, the Comets' ace, to a single basket. For the losers Hartke led with four points.

PILL TOSSERS TAKE ACK FLAG.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Pill Tossers	4	0	1000
Drifters	2	2	500
Hoosiers	2	2	500
Union Leaders	2	2	500
Lucky Strikes	0	4	000

Led by their able captain, Sid Heringhaus, the Pill Tossers overcame all competition and completely ran away with the Academic pennant.

In their final game of the season they defeated the Union Leaders, 22 to 8. Gibbons, sinking five baskets, was "high point man," while his captain had 6 points to his credit. The losers simply could not get around Partee and Fecher, the Pill Tossers' defense.

The Drifters went down fighting before the determined Hoosiers, losing 16 to 10. Wabler, the Hoosiers' captain, went on a rampage and practically defeated the Drifters single handed. He merely sank six baskets, three in each half. Knapke and Scharrer, the opposing forwards, were unable to overcome the six point lead.

Determined to have an even break for the season, the Drifters handed the Lucky Strikes the short end of a 25 to 4 score. They jumped into the lead at the very start and were never in danger. The losers made all their points in the first half on a basket by Weiker and two fouls. Knapke led the winners with eight points. Linenberger and Friemoth followed with six apiece.

Stud.—Professor, which is the logical way to reach a conclusion?

Prof.—Take a train of thought, my boy.

WITH THE "TOP SPINNERS"

Heil.....	F.....	(Capt.) Duray
Maloney.....	F.....	Geffert
Kienly (Capt.)....	C.....	Hunt
Pax.....	G.....	Schwartz
Martin.....	G.....	Junk

The roving center, Kienly, receives the captaincy of the first team. He was a constant point getter throughout the season. Heil, the kid with lightening in his feet, is given the call as forward. His title is "pep with a plenty of speed." The other forward position is given to Maloney on account of his uncanny eye for the basket. He is "high point man" in his league with 33 points. Grit and fight qualify Pax for the position of floor guard. Big Clete Martin has very little competition at backguard. This chap took the ball down the floor for a basket occasionally.

Second Team.

Duray, a flashy little forward, is given the scoring job. Louie has developed rapidly since his first debut on the hardwood. During the entire season Geffert has worked hard and displayed real ability. He fitly fulfills the position as Louie's running mate. The center position is given to Hunt on account of his performance at this place during the season. "Tuff" well expresses the idea conveyed by Schwartz to anyone who saw him play. He is an excellent floor guard. Junk as backguard was always "up and at 'em," so he is given this position on the second team.

FIFTHS' FOLLIES.

Scene—Third floor, South-side.

Time—Night.

Voice in the dark—"Who's dead up here?"

Gallagher, Esq.—"Nobody! I just took off my shoes."

Hey! Didja ever see—

Clete Gates on time for Latin Class?

Paul Russell doin' the Charleston? Webber without Flahie?

Flahie without Webber?

Norby Gerlach awake in the study-hall?

The House-Boss without his B(r)ooms?

Our friend, Dan Boone, says, "Some women can add two cents worth of color and subtract ten years."

On a recent trip to Ft. Wayne, our

ALL-STAR ACKS.

Gibbons.....	F.....	Knapke
Friemoth.....	F.....	(Capt.) Wabler
Heringhaus (Capt.)C.....		Uhrich
Baird.....	G.....	Schubnel
Fecher.....	G.....	Partee

No objection will be made if Sid Heringhaus is given the captaincy and center position of the first All-Academic team. He piloted the undefeated Pill Tossers through the past season. A quiet boy is Bill Gibbons, but he is a whirlwind on the basketball floor. He is leading his league with 28 points gathered in four games. Friemoth managed his own team and consequently played wherever he was needed the most. But of all positions, he looks best as a forward, and no enemy can afford to give him a close range shot at the net. Bobby Baird, by his stellar guarding, has earned the right to be placed among the All-Star Acks. "The bigger they come, the harder they fall," says Andy Fecher. Andy did not leave the big boys worry him in the least and he played rings around some of his larger opponents.

As a forward Wabler merits our admiration. He is a consistent point getter and makes a very good captain. Ability to pass and shoot accurately are demanded of forwards. Paul Knapke has both qualifications. Uhrich looks down on most of the boys, so we place him at center. Due to his ability in playing all around basketball, Schubnel merits the running guard position. At guarding and at dribbling, Partee is hard to beat. He certainly deserves to be placed on this team.

friend, Andy Fecher, being hard-pressed financially, resorted to an open job in Tony Bonnano's fruit-stand. One day a customer approached and inquired the price of what seemed to be a dandy head of cabbage. Upon further investigation, however, it proved to be our friend Andy's head protruding above the counter. Tough! Julius.

—C. F., '27.

A foreigner wanted to become an American citizen; the naturalization officer questioned him:

Name.....Joseph Dooty.

Raised.....On the farm.

Educated.....At school.

Business.....Rotten.

Don't forget "Peaceful Valley," April 20.

JUNIOR LEAGUE'S BEST TEN.

Henrich (Capt.)..	F.....	Boehnlein
Van Oss.....	F.....	Krupa
Flynn.....	C.....	Alig
Charek.....	G.....	(Capt.) Hartke
Pollak.....	G.....	Reitz

Last season the name of Henrich graced this same column. He has again merited this honor, for 'tis known that he is "high point man" in his league. In addition to this, "Germany" has been made captain of the first five. Between day dreams on the floor, Van Oss succeeded in ringing up many points for his team. But we are forgetting the Irish. The roving position is capably filled by Flynn, who always took the tip off. As a scoring guard Charek cops the turtle's bicycle. In the championship game he stopped his opponents, but he could not be stopped. Morale helps quite a bit in a game and Pollak kept his teammates going by his encouraging words while at the same time he did his share of the work.

To marshal the second five, Hartke is given the leadership and is placed at running guard because of his ability to work into a team a system of passwork. Upon Barney Boehnlein and Steve Krupa rests the scoring job. Both of these little forwards won their positions through pep, snap, and fight. If you want a roving center who plays the game for all that is in it, then choose Alig. A stocky man is Joe Reitz, who can take the ball off the board and who also can guard his man very closely. Joe has proved himself a very good man throughout the season.

Mr. Schmitt—I don't feel preddy well, Hans. I have a horse in my throat.

Hans—Dat 'horse' is not right. You mean you have a 'colt in your hedt.'

Flahie, eating a hard piece of candy: "Hey, Spiggs, why don't you open up at 7 A. M.?"

Spiggs: "Why?"

Flahie: "Why, that's when all the other hardware stores open up."

"There was a terrible murder in the hotel today."

"Was there?"

"Yes, a paper-hanger hung a border."

"It must have been a put-up job."

Is your Essay in? May 10.

Big Homecoming Days, May 4-5.

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Who Serves Others Best

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CHEER'S ALL-NO-STAR TEAM.

Bozo Keane.....F..(C)	J. Brenner
Butch Amato (C)F.....	Boss Elder
Mark Kelly.....C.....	Amb. Gengler
Nick Capra.....G.....	Joe Bechthold
Tom Grotenrath..G.F.	Schwendem'n

Very laborious, indeed, was the task of choosing the All-No-Star teams given above. There is such an abundance of material to draw from that the men picked for these teams can rest assured that they have a plenty of competition.

FIRST TEAM.

On Easter Sunday, Bozo Keane demonstrated his lack of basketball ability in a very marked degree. During the entire game Bozo made no baskets, sank no free throws, and had only ten personal fouls called on himself. It is honestly believed that he has all the qualifications necessary for a forward on the above team.

In post-season games, Butch Amato has shown up very well. Butch is dead on the basket, having looped three markers out of not more than fifty tries. He can very capably fill the position as captain; however, he prefers to direct his team from the backguard's field of battle.

Good centers are extremely difficult to find. We feel extraordinarily fortunate in having with us so excellent a rover as Mark Kelly. As you all know, Mark is still in the Mid-get League, but we predict a wonderful basketball career for this marvelous youth.

Nick Capra is a lad whose guarding qualities are equally as good as

those of any Ford fender. He can easily run rings around many standing forwards.

Much depends on the disposition of a player, so Tommy Grotenrath is always advertising a very winsome smile. He makes up his loss of athletic prowess by a superabundance of real sportsmanship.

SECOND TEAM.

A close second to Butch Amato is Johnnie Brenner. In post-season games he has shown up fairly well and as a forward he is a very good guard. John has the theory of basketball down pat and he is mastering the practical side quite rapidly.

Although by nature inclined to be rather stoic, Boss Elder would very likely make a graceful appearance in a basketball suit. This tower of humanity hails from Kentucky, and he is here to uphold the reputation of his state to the best of his ability.

Desperate Ambrose Gengler comes from way out west in Kansas, where men are men. Although the appellation "Desperate" is a misnomer we will back this sterling youth as center with a counterfeit five-dollar gold piece.

As one guard we choose Senator Joe Bechthold, who will offer opposition to any forward, as well as he does to the Bears of Wall Street.

The president of the Senior Class has the darlindest disposition and a very tender heart, so we feel that no casualties will result if we place Francis J. Schwendeman as guard. He lacks stamina, but, since Butch Amato is an advocate of many "time outs," we feel certain that Francis could withstand any fierce battle between the above teams.

We give the honor of referee for a game between these teams to Mr. Joseph Paulo. In all his career as referee he has never been harshly spoken to, or of, by any of the players who gave him a small tip before the game.

—W. F., '27.

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LUNCH

CRACKS AND CRACKERS

By WOOFIE GOOFIE

Questions that baffle science:—Is the inside of a fountain pen during a storm darker than a nigger in a coal-hole on a black night?

Woofie Goofie apologizes to anyone he may have slandered in the cullum. On request he will slander them in person.

Nieset: Have I ever seen you before?

Victim: Yes, you shaved me once.

Nieset: I don't remember your face.

Victim: No, it's all healed up now.

Frank Achberger has petitioned the cullum to announce that he is prepared to defend his crown as marble champion against Bozo or any other formidable contender.

One of the chairs in the smoking club has become slightly damaged.

Zumberge to Neidert: "Why, you little runt!"

Mayor Beckman and other city officials of Lowell, Ind., are considering the purchase of a new lawn mower for use in front of the First National Bank.

"Well, I guess I'm at the end of my rope," said the Senator as he tossed away his cigar butt.

Everyone knows that Webber is the baby of his family?

Siefker: Jerry was born with a rattle.

Westie: How do you know?

Siefker: They heard it the first time he shook his head.

Woofie Goofie hopes that the Easter bunny was good to Squire Gallagher.

Kramer: They say that after a while the engineer of a limited flier loses his nerve.

Kenney: Yes, but not the Pullman porter.

"Ben," said the perfect the other day to a delinquent student, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I get time I will give you a good flogging."

"Don't hurry, prefect," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

Prof.: Did you ever notice that a loud speaker is an ignorant fellow?

Stud: Well you needn't shout so loud. I'm not deaf.

Judge: What brought you here?

Prisoner: Two policemen.

Judge: Drunk, as usual, I suppose.

Prisoner: Yes, both of them.

Prof.—Can you tell me the difference between "chaff" and "chafe"? What is "chaff"?

Student—Well—it-it ain't wheat.

Mother: Now Tommy, I want you to be good while I am away.

Tommy: Mother, I'll be good for a penny.

Mother: I want you to remember, Tommy, that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing.

Beckman says his feet keep him in good standing and well-balanced.

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A very striking example of the triumph of mind over matter was witnessed in the refectory. Mark Kelly took a bite out of each of a dozen or so doughnuts so that Basil Beckman would not appropriate a portion of Kelly's share to the satiation of his own appetite.

"Daddy, can you still do' tricks?"

"What do you mean, son?"

"Well, mamma says that you used to drink like a fish."

"I once loved a girl who made a fool out of me."

"My, what lasting impressions some girls make."

"I proposed to Ella last night, and she laughed at me."

"She always laughs at such stupid things."

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a simple frolic;
But when he was sick a week,
They called it painter's colic.

"I'm suffering from insomnia."

"How's that?"

"Why, I woke up twice in Greek class this morning."

Webber: Ohio is noted for boots and shoes.

Boone: Yes, and Kentucky is noted for shoots and booze.

Polycon—Father, can't you get a reduction on these books?

Prof.—I hardly think so.

Polycon—Not even a clergyman's reduction?

Prof.—Now, that isn't wise; just otherwise.

NEWMANS PRESENT DELIGHTFUL PROGRAM.

(Continued from Page One.)

"A Spree for Three," was a source of half an hour of continual laughter.

The Newman Club is to be congratulated for the splendid program and Father Rapp merits sincerest thanks for his work in directing the program. There was a slight improvement in the conduct of the student body during the music. It was very regrettable, however, that during the final and best selection by the band many students left the auditorium. Come on, fellows, the members of the band sacrifice their time to entertain you, hence show your appreciation by at least acting as rational creatures should act.

PROGRAM

Enthusiasm.....Casper Heiman
Stars and Stripes Forever.....Band
The Reckoning.....Cornelius Heringhaus
William Neuhaus
Bridal Rose.....Band

THE POETS' CLUB

Att. CaseM. Hnat
Farmer MeddersC. Gates
Judge Judson.....J. Wolf
Percy Prude.....C. Weiker
Silas Simion Stumps.....C. Magsam
Simion Silas Stumps.....E. Charek
Bob Biff.....W. Gibbons
Yon Yonson.....W. Mayrl
Fat Mulligan.....T. Connolly
R. R. Wanderas.....C. Longenbach
Sambo (colored attendant).....
.....L. Mattingly
Sliding Some.....Band

A SPREE FOR THREE

Cassius Cornflower Cobb.....E. Meyer
Willie Service.....H. Diller
Limedrop Lucifer Lets.....P. Walters
Hank Jones.....R. Koch
Ghost.....C. Gates

She—"Sheep are certainly dumb brutes."

He—"Yes, my lamb."

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Back to Economics

Our Forests.

When Uncle Sam was still a young man, he owned vast tracts of timber and always had at hand immense resources of all kinds wherewith to furnish his small family with necessities and comforts. Whenever fire was needed, or when wintry blasts vexed his children or congealed their industries, he never failed to come to their aid with firewood for their hearths and factories. Yes, he was more than generous with his gifts. He was very lavish, particularly so in dealing out rough timber. They got all they wanted for a small price, and quite often—gratis. Happy were his children therefore, and when winter came, they laughed to scorn the thought of lack of wood in their homes, factories, and lumber camps.

Uncle Sam passed on through the trying days of frontier life to a successful age of promise and progress. His children had many quarrels, it is true, but they were quickly settled and a Golden Age was dawning. Everything changed, and so did Uncle Sam. His family and family relations became numerous and in spite of the joy of home life, his hair turned grey with worry and the burdens of a father. Strange, isn't it? On the banks of the historic Potomac, where his forefathers lived, he has a stately mansion with all possible conveniences. Many servants has he and much is he honored. But he's worrying. Why? The

other day, his daughter, California, told him that one of her brothers in the East had been cunningly stealing the choicest wood from her forests. Similarly Washington, her brother, has been conferring with her on a joint action policy against their greedy brothers out East. Somewhere there is friction, and it's bound to create a blaze. Uncle Sam has been worrying himself sick as to what he should do to stop it, but he is gradually succeeding in settling the dispute. Recently he re-proved Massa Chussetts, and since that, these family troubles have quieted and all of Uncle Sam's children are working harmoniously together to see to it that each has a plenty of lumber and fuel. But there are still many troubles involved in the lumber question over which Uncle Sam is still worrying, and which he cannot satisfactorily remedy. The question is a knotty one, but will have a speedy solution, and Uncle Sam will be himself again.

—Anthony J. Walz, '26.

Waiter: Here, what are you doing with those spoons in your pocket?

Customer: Doctor's orders.

Walter: What do you mean by doctor's orders?

Customer: He told me to take two full spoons after every meal.

Mother: You will write to me, won't you?

Bobby (off to school): You bet I will. Just as soon as I get in trouble.

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AND SCHOOL TRADE AND
CARRY A FULL LINE OF
THEIR SUPPLIES

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A One Act Drama.

Kelly: All praise to St. Patrick.

Kundtz: Ach der himmel.

(Alarums. Alarums. Exit Kelly dragging off Kundtz.)

Clete Gates says that he cannot get the drift of the joke about the snow storm.

The cullum will always be willing to print any new discussion on the time-honored question regarding which can claim the first arrival, the hen or the egg.

If Butch comes, can Pups be far behind?

Praise to all the gods of Olympus! Clete Dirksen studied some Greek the other day.

Vogus didn't get up on time the other morning. Do you suppose Fuzzy was tearin' 'em off louder than the bell?

Speaking of "ologists," if half of Al Scheiber's fish stories are true, Al must be one of the world's greatest ichthyologists.

Prof: What is the center of gravity?

Kenney: V.

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